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Spurgeon's First Sermon

(Extract from Autobiography published by Revell Co.)

Of his first sermon Mr. Spurgeon says:—

I remember well the first place in which I addressed a congregation of adults, and the illustration below, sets it clearly before my mind's eye. It was not my first public address by a great many, for at Newmarket and Cambridge and elsewhere the Sabbath-school had afforded me ample scope for speaking the Gospel; but no regular set discourse to a congregation met for Divine worship had I delivered till one eventful Sabbath evening, which found me in a cottage at Teversham, holding forth before a little assembly of humble villagers. The tale is not a new one, but it is worth telling again.

There is a Preachers' Association in Cambridge, connected with St. Andrew's Street Chapel, once the scene of the ministry of Robert Robinson and Robert Hall. A number of worthy brethren preached the Gospel in the various villages surrounding Cambridge, taking each one his turn according to plan. In my day, the presiding genius was the venerable Mr. James Vinter, whom we were wont to address as Bishop Vinter. His genial soul, warm heart and kindly manner were enough to keep a whole family stocked with love, and, accordingly, a goodly company of zealous workers belonged to the Association, and labored as true yoke-fellows. My suspicion is that he not only preached himself, and helped his brethren, but that he was a sort of recruiting sergeant, and drew in young men to keep up the number of the host; at least, I can speak from personal experience as to one case.

I had, one Saturday finished morning school, and the boys were all going home for the half-holiday, when in came the aforesaid 'Bishop' to ask me to go over to Teversham, the next evening, for a young man was to preach there who was not much used to the services, and very likely would be glad of company. That was a cunningly-devised sentence, if I remember it rightly, and I think I do; for, at the time, in the light of that Sunday evening's revelation, I turned it over and vastly admired its ingenuity. A request to go and preach would have met with a decided negative; but merely to act as company to a good brother who did not like to be lonely, and perhaps might ask me to give out a hymn or to pray, was not at all a difficult matter, and the request understood in that fashion, was cheerfully complied with. Little did the lad know what David and Jonathan were doing when he was made to run for the arrow, and as little did I know, when I was cajoled into accompanying a young man to Teversham.

My Sunday-school work was over, tea had been taken, and I set off through Barnwell, and away along the Newmarket Road, with a gentleman some few years my senior. We talked of good things, and at last I expressed my hope that he would feel the presence of God while preaching. He seemed to start, and assured me that he had never preached in his life, and could not attempt such a thing; he was looking to his young friend Mr. Spurgeon for that. This was a new view of the situation, and I could only reply that I was no minister; and that, even if I had been, I was quite unprepared. My companion repeated that he, in a still more emphatic sense, was not a preacher, that he would help me in any other part of the service, but that there would be no sermon unless I delivered one. He told me that if I repeated one of my Sunday-school addresses, it would just suit the poor people, and would probably give them more satisfaction than the studied sermon of a learned divine. I felt that I was fairly committed to do my best. I walked along quietly, lifting up my soul to God, and it seemed to me that I could surely tell a few poor cottagers of the sweetness and love of Jesus, for I felt them in my own soul. Praying for Divine help, I resolved to make the attempt. My text should be, 'Unto you therefore which believe

THE HOUSE AT KELVEDON, ESSEX, WHERE C.H. SPURGEON WAS BORN

giving out of the last hymn. To my own delight I had not broken down, nor stopped short in the middle, nor been destitute of ideas, and the desired haven was in view. I made a finish and took up a hymnbook; but to my astonishment, an aged voice cried out: 'Bless your dear heart; how old are you?' My very solemn reply was: 'You must wait till the service is over before making such inquiries. Let us now sing.' We did sing, the young preacher pronounced the benediction, and then there began a dialogue which enlarged into a warm, friendly talk, in which everybody appeared to take part. 'How old are you?' was the leading question. 'I am under sixty,' was the reply. 'Yes, and under sixteen,' was the old lady's rejoinder. 'Never mind my age; think of

EXTERIOR OF COTTAGE AT TEVERSHAM, WHERE I FIRST PREACHED

He is precious,' and I would trust the Lord to open my mouth in honor of His dear Son. It seemed a great risk and a serious trial; but depending upon the power of the Holy Ghost, I would at least tell out the story of the Cross, and not allow the people to go home without a word.

We entered the low-pitched room of the thatched cottage, where a few simple-minded farm laborers and their wives were gathered together; we sang and prayed, and read the Scriptures, and then came my first sermon. How long or how short it was, I cannot now remember. It was not half such a task as I feared it would be, but I was glad to see my way to a fair conclusion, and to the the Lord Jesus and His preciousness,' was all that I could say, after promising to come again, if the gentlemen at Cambridge thought me fit to do so. Very great and profound was my awe of 'the gentlemen at Cambridge' in those days.

Are there not other young men who might begin to speak for Jesus in some such lowly fashion; young men who hitherto have been as mute as fishes? Our villages and hamlets offer fine opportunities for youthful speakers. Let them not wait until they are invited to a chapel, or have prepared a fine essay, or have secured an intelligent audience. If they will go and tell from their hearts what the Lord Jesus has done for

them, they will find ready listeners. Many of our young folks want to commence their service by doing great things, and, therefore, do nothing at all; let none of my readers become the victims of such an unreasonable ambition. He who is willing to teach infants or to give away tracts, and so to begin at the beginning, is far more likely to be useful than the youth who is full of affectations, and sleeps in a white necktie who is aspiring to the ministry, and is touching up certain superior manuscripts, which he is hoping ere long to read from the pastor's pulpit. He who talks upon plain Gospel themes in a farmer's kitchen, and is able to interest the carter's boy and the dairymaid, has more of the minister in him, than the prim little man who keeps prating about being cultured, and means by that — being taught to use words which nobody can understand. To make the very poorest listen with pleasure and profit is in itself an achievement; and beyond this, it is the best possible promise and preparation for an influential ministry. Let our younger brethren go in for cottage preaching and plenty of it. If there is no Lay Preachers' Association, let them work by themselves. The expense is not very great for rent, candles and a few forms; many a young man's own pocket money would cover it all. No isolated group of houses should be left without its preaching room, no hamlet without its evening service. This is the lesson of the thatched cottage at Teversham.

Spurgeon for many years and with acknowledged right, held the title of 'Prince of Preachers,' and to the present time the Church has not found his peer. Great as a preacher, he was greater as a man. Nevertheless, while it is true that from time to time there have been published fragmentary records of portions of his career, it has been left for his faithful wife and his private secretary to prepare from his own notes, diary, letters and records, the work which shall stand as the true history of this great life. At odd moments, during a busy life, he prepared chapter after chapter of his autobiography, and now it is offered to the world as the product of hand and heart.

Spurgeon sought to hide self in his desire to exalt his Master, but in his autobiography he necessarily emerges from personal obscurity, and we see the man and learn from him some of the secrets of his wonderful power.

The work is of peculiar importance to the ministry—every incident in the life is made to form the basis of teaching some lesson of pertinent application, warning, or exhortation. Every page suggests a sermon or furnishes thought for a great theme, or illumines a truth with a timely picture.—N.Y. 'Observer.'

The Free Reading Room Cocanada.

Cocanada, India, 17-4-'01.

Nothing could be more encouraging to me than the fine response by so wide a circle of friends to the kindly appeal made through the 'Northern Messenger' and other papers on behalf of the little reading room at the gate of the mission compound. Scan this list below and tell me if you do not consider it an attractive and powerful factor in the unleavened life of the educated Hinduism of this town and a very helpful element in the development of the handful of English-speaking native Christians who are enjoying its benefits.

English papers and magazines:—Daily—The Madras 'Mail,' This paper is the leading English paper in south India, and has a tri-weekly and weekly edition as well. The subscription is twelve dollars a year. I pay for it myself with articles written from this place as their correspondent. It is essential to the success of the little Telugu weekly paper called the 'Ravi,' which I edit and publish.

Weekly from India.—The Bombay 'Guardian,' This is one of the very best religious papers published, and is taken by a number of people in England and America. The 'East Coast News,' an insignificant little paper, published by the principal of a mission school in the next district. The Ganjam 'News,' a paper published in the district where most of our maritime workers' effort is put forth, and that at times is not very friendly to it. The paper is edited by a Hindu High School teacher at Parlakimedi. It is very poorly printed and the contents represent the average bombastic Johnsonian English of the high school boy and native graduate. Its tone is pure. 'The Epiphany,' a little sheet published by a High Church brotherhood in Calcutta and sent out free. It is filled with religious controversy and is doing good work in the placing of some of the outer walls of the Christian faith in the land.

Monthly.—'The White Ribbon,' a paper published in Calcutta, and doing only such good work as the W.C.T.U. is noted for the world over. 'The Young Men of India,' and its supplement 'The Inquirer,' are published by the Y.M.C.A. of Madras, and are of interest to the local Y.M.C.A. and college men. 'The Harvest Field,' one of the very best missionary papers, and alive with topics for the missionary, but not so good for the average native reader.

Foreign.—Weekly—'The Messenger' and 'Visitor,' the organ of the Maritime Baptists; 'The Ram's Horn,' sent by Mr. Loudon, no paper is more attractive; 'The Youths' Companion,' which is just commencing to come regularly from the publishers. My sub-editor in the little Telugu weekly says that it is full of fine matter for translation and that he is utilizing its contents for the benefit of our readers. I am very grateful to the unknown donor of the 'Youth's Companion,' 'The Illustrated London News,' sent out by father, and the 'British Weekly,' sent by Mrs. Claxton, of Montreal. My wife sends the 'World Wide.'

Monthly.—'The Ladies Home Journal,' which is kindly lent by Mrs. Davis, of Ramachandrapuram, and the pure reading in which is a counter attraction to the cheap and hurtful sentiment of the low works of fiction that have such a general circulation amongst the educated natives. 'The Christian Scotsman,' is sent me by the kindness of its sturdy editor, the Rev. Dr. Robertson, of Glasgow, and lastly the 'Watchword' and 'Truth,' of Boston sent me for years by the late lamented Dr. Kellock, of Perth, but now not paid for for two years, or since his death.

This makes a list of 18 in all. There are a few other papers that will be of great service in this literary campaign and which I am asking for. They are 'The Sunday at Home,' 'The Leisure Hour,' 'The Sunday Magazine,' 'Good Words,' if still published, 'The Quiver,' 'The Boys' Own Paper,' 'St. Nicholas,' 'The Literary Digest,' 'The Christian Herald,' 'Chambers's Journal,' and one or two of the high-class literary magazines, such as 'The Century,' and 'Harpers.' There are about 11 Telugu papers that come in exchange for the 'Ravi.' Most of these are not designed to be the help that good papers from the home land are. They are not sought for as the English papers from the home land are. They are not sought for as the English papers are and have not anything like their influence.

The reading room could not be better situated than it is. The Pithapur Raja's college with 500 boys and young men in attendance and all studying English, is not a stone's throw away. There are government offices on four sides of the place, which is right in the heart of the town. When a bundle of papers comes such as the 'Northern Messenger,' or a lot of Sunday papers, I send them down to the store and tell Raghavayya, the young man in charge, to give one to each customer who makes a purchase so that the paper helps sell a good book and goes along with it. If we gave them away to all who came and asked for them the petty shop keepers might be sending up for them to be used as wrapping papers. So we have to safeguard them. Last week I put three new chairs into the reading room and the place will now be much more attractive and comfortable. The circulating library has not yet been opened.

Some of the bundles of papers come with little Sunday-school cards inside. These I use as prizes in the day schools under my care. They are very eagerly taken by the little ones, and put up in prominent places in their houses.

Every fall about the first of October, my brother sends me out a shipment of stuff, and has promised to send any bundles of Sunday-school picture rolls for use in our Bible work or any good books for the library. I am asking father to gather them and send them on to my brother. His address is A. J. Laflamme, Collector of Customs, Morrisburg, Ont. He will acknowledge and forward any papers and books that are too heavy for the post, and that will keep just as well till later.

Yours in the holy war,

H. F. LAFLAMME.

A Wise Dog.

A physician residing in New Hope, N. J., has a favorite dog, which usually meets his master at the railway. On a recent occasion the doctor did not find him at the station. On reaching his house the doctor found the dog awaiting him on the porch with another dog. As the doctor passed into the house his own dog remained outside, as well-bred dogs are taught to do. But the strange dog pushed in and overwhelmed the doctor with caresses. When he took a chair the dog climbed with his breast upon the doctor's knee, and one paw affectionately upon his shoulder. This very demonstrative behavior led to investigation, and upon examining the other paw a pin was found sticking in the flesh. It was, of course, extracted. It could not be said in this case that the doctor's fee was 'no great shakes, for the vibrations of the tail of the patient, 'discharged cured,' were something to wonder at, as he trotted out. It is not remarkable or uncommon that a dog should, when in pain, appeal for help. But that a physician's dog should bring his master a subject for treatment, certainly is a remarkable proof of animal sagacity.—'Philadelphia Ledger.'

The Find-the-Place Almanac

TEXTS IN THE PSALMS.

Aug. 4, Sun.—Some trust in chariots, and some in horses: but we will remember the name of the Lord our God.

Aug. 5, Mon.—They trusted in thee and were not confounded.

Aug. 6, Tues.—All the ends of the earth shall remember and turn unto the Lord.

Aug. 7, Wed.—I will fear no evil, for thou art with me.

Aug. 8, Thur.—The earth is the Lord's.

Aug. 9, Fri.—Lead me in thy truth and teach me.

Aug. 10, Sat.—The meek will he guide in judgment.

BOYS AND GIRLS

NED TAKING OFF HIS COAT, WAS SOON AT WORK ON THE PEAR TREE.

The Pruning of the Pear Tree

'I think your pear tree needs nailing up, Mrs. Allen; let me do it for you,' said Edward Howie.

It was a kindly thought. Mrs. Allen was a young widow who had quite recently lost her husband, and now in the early spring the tree, which hitherto had been carefully trained and pruned, looked straggling and in need of attention. And young Howie saw it, and so offered.

But the thing that pleased Mrs. Allen was that she thought she saw in this offer an opportunity of returning some of the kindness she had received from his mother during her sore trouble. Ned Howie had been drifting of late, forming companionships that were not good. He had been associating with a number of young fellows, whose greatest fault at present was thoughtlessness, and being full of life and boisterous strength, were every now and then overstepping the bounds of right. They were, in fact, steadily drifting downwards, and unless stopped might make a wreck of themselves. She meant to stop Ned Howie if she could.

The next evening, when work was over, Ned came in, and taking off his coat, was soon at work on the pear tree. It took some time to prune back the branches and nail them up, and Mrs. Allen, opening a window just above, looked out with her baby, and chatted pleasantly meanwhile.

At last it was done, and the tree looked trim and orderly.

'How well you have done it!' she said. 'It quite looks like old times. And now you will come in and have some supper with me before you go.'

'Oh, no, thank you, Mrs. Allen!' said Ned. 'I must just run over and see how the cricket has gone, and have a chat afterwards with the men.'

'It was that 'afterwards' she was afraid of. It so often ended up at the Red Lion, and that was what she wanted to stop. So, drawing him into the house for his coat, he saw a modest little supper set out, and was at last prevailed on to stop, and a very pleasant evening he spent.

'Do you know, Ned, I want you to help me with my Cousin Jack. He used to be such a nice boy, but there are two or three men who have such an influence over him. He is so weak and easily led. Now, it is not so with you; you have a will of your own and are strong, and might do a great deal.'

Ned flushed. He was pleased that Mrs. Allen should think him strong, but he remembered one or two occasions when he had been as weak as Jack Norris. 'What can I do, Mrs. Allen?' he replied. 'Not much, I'm afraid.'

'Oh, yes you can,' she replied brightly. 'What I want you to do is to stop the going to the Red Lion after the games. Just look at some of the older men, like Tom Martin and Allen Cooke, going home night after night half-drunk, and yet what nice fellows they used to be! If Jack were to become like them, how dreadful it would be! Can't you help him to stop?'

Ned flushed crimson. 'Mrs. Allen,' he exclaimed, 'I can't be a hypocrite! I'm just as bad as Jack. I may be stronger, but not a bit better. How can I help him?'

'By saying "No," and sticking to it,' was her answer. 'You know there are a lot of bad things done that none of you like; it only wants someone with courage to oppose, and the rest will stand by you.'

'But I'm an awful coward, Mrs. Allen, especially when Tom Martin sneers,' said Ned.

'Oh,' was her reply, 'you must not take that too seriously, but laugh at his sneers and go your own way.'

'Well, I'll try,' he said, as if he were not quite sure of himself.

'And I'll tell you what I'll do,' she continued. 'On Saturday I'll provide a good substantial tea, and I'll ask some of you in—you and Jack, and Tom Wright and Allerton, and we'll have a jolly evening afterwards. It will be the first break, you know.'

'All right, Mrs. Allen, I'll come and bring the others, too,' said Ned Howie.

And he did. That was the beginning of the struggle. Over and over again she feared she had lost them. But she did not—she saved them. Her wise womanly ways prevailed, and they grew up to be noble God-fearing men, who stood foremost in every good work. And there was not one of them but attributed it to Mrs. Allen, and thought her the best and noblest woman on earth. And she deserved it of them.

This is what came of the Pruning of the Pear Tree.—J. Scott James, in 'Friendly Greetings.'

A Consecrated Year

(By Helena H. Thomas, in 'Presbyterian Banner.')

'I don't see what she wants to come here for! Our country ways will be sure to shock one who has spent sixty years in London.'

'Of course they will, and I, too, although it doesn't sound very gracious, wish she had taken the next steamer back, after visiting her New York friends.'

The speakers looked very dejected for two robust young men who, several years before, had celebrated their majority; and so thought a younger brother as he came suddenly upon them that autumn day.

'Growling about the failure of crops, boys?' queried the one who was almost twenty-one.

'No,' answered the elder, 'everything else of a doleful nature is lost sight of in view of that dreaded visit, Joe.'

'I don't see what good it does to dread what seems inevitable,' was the cheery answer. 'For my part, I mean to give Aunt Maria a warm welcome.' Saying which the speaker started down the hill, and was soon lost to sight.

After whittling diligently upon the stick in his hand, Jerome, the elder brother, said, abruptly: 'Joe's courage makes me ashamed of my cowardice. Nothing seems to daunt him—that is—lately.'

'That last clause was well put in,' rejoined Frank, looking away from the one addressed, 'for you know as well as I do how chicken-hearted he used to be, but now he seems to have more pluck, the right sort, I mean, than both of us put together.'

'Yes, he has, for a fact, and I don't know what poor mother would do with our worries about crop failures and that mortgage, if that sunbeam wasn't always ready with, "It will all come out right."'

As Jerome said this, he whittled as if much depended upon the result, for a moment, and then flinging away what was left of the stick, said, in a shame-faced way: 'Well, no use trying to get around it, that boy has some propelling power which is lacking in our composition, call it religion or what we may. He used to shirk every duty, while now he would work beyond his strength if we did not stand guard; then, too, a year ago he had such a dread of meeting strangers, but now he seems to be

the only one who has the courage to face Aunt Maria.'

'Yes, and think of his starting for town as if his heart were as light as a feather, when Bert Harris told me that he was to lead the prayer-meeting to-night, because the minister is sick. Think of his—his—well, I'll call it pluck, for want of just the right word.'

'It is something we know nothing of, anyhow,' was the emphatic rejoinder. 'I think it required more pluck, as you call it, for the boy to ask a blessing before us, after we had made such sport of him, than to lead a meeting surrounded by those who are in sympathy with him.'

'So do I. I am ashamed every time I think how we dubbed him "parson" and that kind of teasing; but we had our match. Our ridicule seemed to make him the more determined to do what he considered his duty.'

'But Aunt Maria's coming will put an end to that sort of thing. I am confident, for, if we can judge by the tone of her letters, she is not of Joe's way of thinking. So he'll not dare to ask a blessing before her.'

'Perhaps you are right,' said Frank, 'but if Joe is actuated by the motives I think he is, the coming of the Queen herself would not shame him into keeping silence.'

The three sons, who were recently brought to my notice and whom I now introduce to you, are the only children of a widowed mother, who bears little resemblance to the bonnie bride the young Englishman had taken to himself soon after landing on American soil; for the young couple had soon made their home in what was then regarded as the West, where hard work and sorrow had prematurely aged the wife and mother.

Mr. Owen lived long enough to clear his Michigan farm and see it under a good state of cultivation. Then he passed beyond the river, leaving the wife, to whom the world was never the same again, and her three sons to struggle on and on, as must other wives and children when the head is taken—because they must.

As the years crept on, and the sons grew to manhood they were in the main, a comfort to their mother; still she was at times, very despondent, because she sorely missed the companion of her youth; then, too, she had lost sight of the Comforter, the only balm for a sorrowing heart, consequently she was doubly bereft.

A year previous to our finding the mother and sons a rift had been made in the cloud, which for long years had enveloped the home, for Joe, who had been persuaded by a neighboring farmer's son to attend a series of meetings, had given his heart to Christ and consecrated every power to his service.

The day after this noble stand had been taken Joe said to his mother, 'I am determined to be a Christian, come what may. Won't you go with me to the meeting tonight and take the same stand, mother, dear? It would be easier for you, because I heard you tell the minister, when he called once, that you made a start when you lived East.'

The mother was quick to see the change in her 'baby'; still she was unprepared to hear him speak with such firmness, for of him his brothers had often said: 'Joe'll follow where we lead, every time. He hasn't courage enough to go it independently.'

This earnest plea, however, was met by a shake of the mother's head, and the words: 'I shall not oppose you, my son: but you are mistaken in thinking that because I once made a profession of religion that it would be easier to live religion, for I believe that it is harder for a so-called back-slider to be renewed than for one like you, dear boy, to take the noble stand that you have.'

The mother, true to her word, did not oppose Joe in whatever his heart prompted him to do, but the older sons, to whom she had never broached the subject, which was more important than all beside, did not regard her as any hindrance to whatever slighting comment they were disposed to make regarding what was most sacred to the sensitive soul of one who suffered in silence.

Meanwhile, in spite of their jokes, the brothers were never half so proud before of the one at whom they were aimed, and, at heart, the mother shared this feeling, when such remarks as the following reached her ears: 'Joe is as firm as a rock when his mind is made up. I honor his grit. If there were more like him there would be less of our sort.'

This condition of things existed as the first year of this new life had been lived. As is evident the brothers, who after a little ceased to speak lightly of what they realized had wrought the change in the one they truly loved, had from the first studied the daily walk of their younger brother and were often led to wonder at the sudden development of powers they had not suspected.

The mother, too, looked on with feelings of both gladness and sadness. The new light which had filled the heart of her youngest was reflected in his happy face, and often reminded her of the days when, with a glad heart, she sang:

'Oh, how happy are they, who the Saviour obey.
And have laid up their treasure above;
Tongue can never express the sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.'

And this had awakened a longing to return to her Father's house. For she well knew that 'comfort and peace' were not obtainable elsewhere. But all this she had kept buried in her heart, but she was being led day by day nearer the cross of Christ by the example of the one she had always regarded as her timid child.

'Well, we must draw cuts to decide who will meet her highness,' said Jerome, as a belated letter was read at the noon meal, which conveyed the intelligence that the afternoon train would leave the long expected aunt at the station, some miles distant.

'I think it is your place, Jerome, seeing you are not only the oldest son, but the namesake, as well, of the brother who is not—here—to—meet—her.'

She ended so brokenly that the sons who always were made cowardly at the sight of tears, suddenly left the room, motioning Joe, who looked ready to cry in sympathy, to follow.

A little later the latter appeared, dressed in his best, which called forth the exclamation: 'You mustn't go, too, Joe! You will crowd your aunt, if you do:'

'Why, mother, there is but one going to meet her, and I am that one,' was the laughing rejoinder, 'Jerome and Frank plead urgent business, and so the honor is left to me.'

The mother readily understood, and, with a tender light in her tear-dimmed eyes, said: 'My dear, brave boy!'

As Joe drove out of the yard he turned to his brothers and said cheerily: 'Well, I'm in for it, but I am afraid I will not do the family credit.'

As Joe's merry whistle was wafted to the ears of the brothers who closed the gate after him, and then leaned against it as if forgetful of the 'urgent business,' Jerome's feelings had vent in: 'I always did despise a coward! but I've furnished myself the biggest job I ever had in that line. I knew it was my place to go, as mother said, and I had no intention of shirking the duty. I asked Joe to go more to try his metal than anything else, but when he consented so cheerfully, I was only too ready to shirk what has been such a dread to me.'

'I haven't much respect for myself, either,' remarked the brother two years younger. Aunt writes that my picture bears so strong a likeness to my father, when of my age, that to have seen me first might have made her feel less strange, at the start. But, say, Jerome, I've been thinking that if having what Joe has makes men of cowards, it is something we need, too.' Saying which he suddenly thought of the mother he had left weeping and with unwonted tenderness went to the house to see if she stood in need of the 'chirking up,' which usually came from another source.

When the train came to a standstill, Joe looked in vain for the richly dressed woman he expected to see. Only two women alighted. One was the wife of a neighboring farmer, while the other was quite as plainly dressed, but when she raised her veil the waiting one knew that the little woman in simple attire was the wealthy aunt of whom he had so long stood in awe, and, with an uplifted prayer for strength to do his whole duty by his father's sister, he lifted his hat, saying: 'If I am not mistaken, this is my Aunt Maria. I am Joe, your youngest nephew.'

A little later aunt and nephew were riding over the rough road talking 'just like two women,' as Joe told his mother, and before they reached the farm-house the shrewd business woman had not only formed a high opinion of the one to whom she had given little thought, but suspected why the older brothers had neither of them taken the pains to meet her, after she had crossed the great ocean for the express purpose of seeing the family of her only brother.

The first moments in the society of the aunt had banished Joe's fear of her, and yet he felt somewhat hurt when, during the ride, he dropped hints of the subject uppermost in his mind to note that he received no encouragement to continue along that line. For in spite of the fact that her letters had given no intimation of it, he had fondly hoped that at heart his aunt was a Christian.

When they reached the farm-house and tearful greetings had been exchanged between those who were sisters because of the one who was not, Jerome and Frank came forward and cordially endeavored to make amends for their cowardice. Meanwhile Joe followed his mother into the kitchen to say: 'Now, don't be nervous, mother. She is ever so nice. Not at all the kind of person we imagined her to be.'

The little mother was nervous, however, extremely so; but more so on her son's account than on her own and, taking him by the arm when she had finished preparing the supper, she said: 'My son, I wouldn't ask a blessing while your aunt is here, if I were you. It would look so queer for you, the youngest member of the family, to take the lead in such matters; besides, I don't think she is in sympathy with that sort of thing.'

The weak, timid mother could not put into the words the fact that her son's course was a constant rebuke to her, but when her boy made no answer, she added: 'It might look, too, as if you considered yourself better than the rest of us, and so I advise you to omit the blessing until we are alone again.'

The blessing had been uppermost in Joe's thoughts, and so his mother's views of the still unsettled query, 'Can I?' seemed to

make his duty clear, for the moment. But when they were seated at the table he forgot all else but the words. 'No man, having put his hand to the plough and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of heaven,' and then followed a few words that went straight to the heart of every hearer.

After the aunt had come to seem 'like one of us,' as Joe expressed it, which was, when, as sister and nephews supposed, the visit was just begun, she received a letter from home, which contained the statement that business matters required her personal attention, so she at once made plans to return at an early day.

Joe was right, at the start, in thinking that his aunt was not in sympathy with his determination to live a consecrated life, but he little dreamed how those few tender words of thanks, offered at the first meal she partook with them, had touched her heart and carried her back to other days, happy days, when she, too, found joy in the service of her King.

'I think I will accompany you to church to-night,' said the guest, as Joe made ready to go to church. 'I did not feel equal to the effort last Sunday, and this will be my only opportunity, as my visit is to be cut short.'

'But, Aunt, I am afraid you will hardly find it worth while,' said Joe, with rising color. 'It is only a young people's meeting.'

'Oh, that doesn't matter. I would like to meet your friends,' rejoined his aunt, as she made ready to go.

The aunt seemed not to heed what was so plainly in evidence, and so, when she was on the point of joining her nephew at the door, a hand was laid upon her arm, and Joe stammered: 'I ought to tell you—that—I—am—to—to take charge of the meeting this evening.'

The leader's courage failed him somewhat, at the start, in view of the listener who all her life time had had it in her power to listen to gifted speakers; but the subject for the evening was one lying so near his heart, consecration, that after a little he forgot all but the glorious theme, and dwelt upon it as only a truly consecrated one can.

The subject of religion had not been touched upon by the aunt in Joe's presence until after this service, but almost as soon as the horse was headed toward home the stillness was broken by:

'Joe, you ought to study for the ministry.'

At this the driver pulled the wrong reign, and then had his hands so full to keep the horse in the road that he appeared to give no heed to the words that took him so by surprise. But the one who never did things by halves again spoke: 'I say, Joe, you ought to study for the ministry. Have you ever thought about it?'

'Y-e-s, Aunt, to tell the truth I have thought about it a great deal—but.'

'But what? You are not needed on the farm. Your mother tells me that Jerome is soon to marry, and that the farm will then be divided; he carrying on one half and Frank the other. So you will not be needed at home.'

'I know it, Aunt,' was the answer, with a touch of sadness. 'I know, too, that I would never make a success of farming; but, to tell the truth, I never gave my future much thought until since I gave myself to Christ.'

Then the aunt, who had all along been studying the consecrated life and herself felt the uplift of it, said:

'It is your mother's wish that you should study for the ministry, and it was at her suggestion that I inflicted myself upon you to-night in order to ascertain if she overrated your abilities.'

'My mother! Why, Aunt, this is a great surprise to me. True, I have two or three times hinted how I felt, but mother appeared to make light of the idea of my aspiring to be a minister.'

'Yes, she told me she did, because she could not see her way clear to send you to college; but if you could have seen her joy when the way was made clear, my dear nephew, you would know that her heart beats in sympathy with your highest aims.'

'But, Aunt, I do not understand what you mean by the way being made clear, unless, for love of me, she is willing to increase the mortgage on the farm; and that I would never consent to.'

'I know just how matters stand, Joe,' said his aunt, as she patted his arm affectionately, 'but do you imagine that your old aunt could be so heartless as to let such a hero as you are pine in vain for an education when she is childless and abundantly able to give you needed assistance.'

A returning pressure of the hand which had slid into the disengaged one was Joe's only answer, and so the speaker continued: 'Yes, my brave nephew, the money for your education will be forthcoming as fast as needed, and if you are of the same mind as your mother and brothers, you will accompany me back East. The husband of a friend in New York is a minister of large experience, and we will confer with him as to the best starting point.'

'Did I understand you to say that my brothers are in sympathy with what you suggest?' was the tremulous query.

'Indeed they are, my boy. We talked the matter all over the evening when you gave us the opportunity by going to prayer-meeting, and both Jerome and Frank were loud in your praises. They frankly confessed that your bravery, in face of their ridicule, had put them to shame, and that you richly deserved all I hope to do for you.'

'Oh, Aunt!' He could not finish, but the full moon brought to view sparkling drops which told the reason why.

'Let me say, once for all,' said the one who understood in part what could not be put into words, 'that I shall always consider myself your debtor, for coming in touch with your consecrated life has recalled me to the heavenly fold, from which I had long wandered.'

Just Sunshine

(By Sally Campbell, in 'Forward.')

It was a warm, bright room where Mrs. Reeves was sitting at work. The young woman who stood for an instant on the threshold, felt a quick appreciation of its comfort and cheerfulness.

'How lucky I am,' she cried; 'I am glad to find you all alone on a mending afternoon; we can be so cosy and sociable'—

'Come in,' said the plump little minister's wife, taking her third son's mutilated trousers and sweater from the chair nearest her. 'Come and sit right here beside me, you nice girl, and sweeten my labors by your presence.'

Frances Ellett accepted the invitation with alacrity.

'But I'm afraid there isn't much sweetening in me these days. They are such miserable days.'

She laughed, but it was an unsteady laugh, and her grey eyes were suspiciously bright.

'Poor Frances!' said Mrs. Reeves, with genuine sympathy. 'But,' shaking her head at her, 'it is not by any means the worst kind of misery. A brave young thing like you must make the best of it.'

'I'm not brave, and I don't know how to make the best of it. I wish I did. If I could just think of something to do I really believe that my courage would come. But I have ransacked every corner of my brain and there isn't a happy thought there. Girls are such useless things!'

'They are not!' cried Mrs. Reeves, energetically. 'I am ashamed of you.'

'Well, some girls, then. Jane is not, I admit. She helps father with the accounts as well as a clerk could, he says; and mother is his right hand, his prime minister, as he calls her. Dear mother, she is as serene and steadfast as if the family fortunes were riding on the crest of the wave! When I see her I think of the verse in the Bible, "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her."'

'Then do you give thanks?' inquired Mrs. Reeves, demurely.

'No,' answered Frances, slowly, 'I don't remember that I do. I mostly repine that there is no market for my talents. Jack and Robert are standing up like men under our misfortunes; they carry their end of the beam splendidly, if I do say it myself. Only I and Tommy are cumberers.'

Mrs. Reeves laid down her work and began to check off on her fingers: 'You have a father who is an honorable business man, respected by the whole community. You have two brothers who are following in his footsteps. You have a mother who is a saint and a sage. You have a sister who furnishes one with Sunday-school illustrations and home instruction every week. You have health and strength, with food and shelter and raiment. What a catalogue of woes!'

'But,' persisted Frances, 'wouldn't you be sorry if you were I, and felt that you didn't belong in the catalogue yourself?'

'Yes, dear, I should,' said Mrs. Reeves, briskly. 'That happy thought is somewhere; we must find it. But, meantime, we mustn't talk about "misery" when there are so many blessings all round.'

'I suppose I oughtn't. It makes me cross with myself and everybody else when I realize how much one's cheerfulness depends on just money. What you say is exactly true. We haven't lost one of the substantials of happiness; nothing really dreadful has happened at all. We are merely minus a good many dollars. But it does make a difference—it feels like a catastrophe. Our old, care-free, comfortable, jolly household has vanished. I feel as if I hadn't any right to enjoy myself when all the other grown-up members of the family are working so hard, I"—

But Mrs. Reeves would wait for no more.

'My dear, foolish, Frances,' she broke in, 'that is exactly your mistake! I have a fancy that just your special contribution to the family fortunes in the present crisis is to enjoy yourself. Make it your business. What disturbs your father chiefly is that he can't give his wife and children all that he would like. The good, unselfish Jane mourns that you must do without so many pretty, girlish belongings. Be happy, child; be as happy as you possibly can manage to be, and take my word for it, it will prove a bigger help than any actual money you could hope to earn.'

It was a very thoughtful Frances who walked home half an hour later. As she drew near the plain, little house, into which they had moved six months before, she scanned it critically.

'The flowers of the human race live there, which is a considerable item,' she thought.

She stopped at the rosebush inside the gate and picked the last rose left on it. She felt a pang of regret to remember how the others had been left to wither and fall on their stems.

She carried the rose into the modest drawing-room, and when she had set it in a vase on the piano she took a look around her.

'Everything is about as stiff and unlovely as a poker,' was her verdict. 'There really is no reason why it should be so ugly. Setting the chairs round the walls in rows doesn't keep one from running into debt.'

Frances had a knack at decoration. She had loved to exercise it in the old home, but, as she now recalled with another prick of conscience, her gift had not counted for much in their new quarters.

'It seemed so trivial to care about beautifying, and—and'—she confessed unwillingly, 'maybe I felt too spiteful. Yes, that's just the right word, Frances Ellett.'

Meantime, she had been pushing the chairs about and arranging the books on the table; already there was an improvement. Seeing it, Frances's spirits rose. 'Wait till I get that old blue silk scarf upstairs and a few more things,' she said, briskly.

Somewhat later her father, coming in at the front door, heard his younger daughter caroling a gay tune, such as had not filled his ears for six long months. If Frances could have seen how the shadow lifted on his tired face it would have rejoiced her heart and assured her that Mrs. Reeves had advised wisely. Perhaps it might have hurt her, too.

'Is that you, daddy?' she called out. 'Don't you wish to see the art exhibition?'

He went in gladly, and his admiration of her handiwork was all that the most exacting could desire. Afterwards, as they went gayly out to tea together, Frances caught sight of a card lying on the edge of the piano which kept her thoughts so busy that she was more silent than she had meant to be during the meal. At its close she whispered to her brother Tommy: 'Come up to my room, please, for a few minutes; I have important business matters to discuss with you.'

'Are you going in for business, too?' said Tommy. 'All the members of the family will be earning their keep soon but me. I wish father would let me quit school and go to work, too.'

'But he will not,' said Frances; 'he doesn't think it is necessary. I haven't found any way of making money, either. So we are both on the same level. I know how you feel. But I've had my eyes opened tremendously this afternoon, and now I see a good deal more clearly to pull the mote out of my brother's eye.'

Thereupon, with her best eloquence, she gave him a report of her interview with Mrs. Reeves.

'Don't you see how it is, Tommy?' she ended. 'You and I mayn't belong to the wage-earning classes; we must just resign ourselves to that fact. But we have our part, nevertheless. Yours is to study and get ahead with your books. Sometimes I'm afraid that you aren't doing as well as you might in school, lately.'

'The trouble is that it doesn't seem right,' said Tommy. 'My mind is so full of thinking how I could support myself and how I ought to be doing it, that I can't settle down to algebra and things.'

'You must,' said Frances, raising an impressive forefinger at him. 'Listen: You know that father and mother have their hearts set on your being a scholar. Jack and Robert went to college partly because they were sent and partly as a business investment. They stood fairly in their classes, and wouldn't shirk. But they were not enthusiastic about it. Jack was saying the other day, "Bob and I are born money-grabbers. If dad and the mother want a son with an LL.D. after his name, they'll have to look to the little chap; luckily, he has a turn for that sort of thing." So what right have you to disappoint them all? Do you suppose that if you quit school and worked the money you could earn would make up to father for interfering with his cherished plan?'

Frances stopped breathless. Tommy sat on the edge of the bed and considered what she had said.

'Well,' he said, at last, a good deal of boyish relief in his tone, 'if it's all right to stop worrying and just study, why all right; I'm willing enough,' and Tommy laughed, with much satisfaction. 'But,' he asked, a little curiously, 'what is your part in this reform league?'

'Oh, I'm going to enjoy life!' answered Frances, not expecting to be understood.

'I wish you would!' said Tommy, fervently; 'it's been awfully stupid at home lately. Going to wipe your weeping eyes, are you? Hooray!'

'Yes, there's a tea at Lila Foster's to-morrow afternoon; I just happened to see the card downstairs before supper. I'm going to it.'

Frances laughed at herself afterwards when she remembered the heroic accent with which she announced her decision.

'I felt as brave as if I was Leonidas and all his three hundred. Maybe I was a little brave. Who knows ? I guess if all the Thermopylaes were marked on the map with a cross they'd be found at very queer places, some of them.'

Frances went to Lila Foster's tea, and, to her surprise, enjoyed herself immensely.

'I didn't have to try at all,' she confided to Tommy; 'and, by the way, this talk, and more especially print, about all your friends promptly deserting you as soon as you get poor, is fudge and ought to be abolished. I don't know how many stories I've read in which deserving families lost their fortunes and instantly all their acquaintances walked on the other side of the street to avoid saying good-morning to them.'

'The story writers have to put their characters into holes,' remarked Tommy, practically, 'so as to get them out to the blowing of trumpets. Then, if besides adorning the tale they want to point the moral, what can make a nice little lamb look whiter than for everybody else to be pretty black?'

'It's wicked,' said Frances, with righteous indignation. 'It's false witness. Our friends have been just lovely to us; and everybody, almost, that was ever on our calling list has hastened to leave cards by the quart, since we moved on a back street. It doesn't do good to preach that your neighbors have not any heart.'

Two years later Mr. Ellett one day announced in full family council: 'We have weathered the storm; and if ever a man had a wife and children that stood handsomely by him in misfortune, I am that man. I thank you for it, my dears, as I have thanked you and heaven in my heart every day all these months.'

'I was the only one,' said Frances, with a touch of the old discontent, 'who never counted for one penny in the assets. I was the sole unmitigated expense. Even Tommy deserted me and went and earned good dollars from the college for the best entrance examination.'

'Pennies are not the only assets,' answered Mr. Ellett. 'One of the most valuable is to feel that life is good and that the world is a fine place to work in. It helps fill the till about as well as any economic factor you could name. And as a producer in that line I recommend my daughter Frances.'

Ezuzu and the Ghost Dance

(Annie Beecher Scoville, in 'The Southern Workman and Hampton School Record.')

He is only an old Indian, and some seem to think there is no work nor place for such as he, save to be quiet, and to make way for school-bred sons.

Yet we should be in a poor way on the Palani Wakapa if it were not for these old men. It is not much of a story, and yet it is the same story as Dr. Van Dyke tells in 'The First Christmas Tree,' and as I laid his book down, and saw through the golden haze of the past the hero monk cutting down the sacred tree of the pagan Saxons, before my eyes rose the Tenton village in Dakota, where, untouched by any halo, keeping with a joyful heart a cold and meagre Christmas, lives old Ezuzu, who saved the village in the time of the Ghost Dance.

To have a history in the village of Takcha Iyanka is nothing noteworthy, for our poor little civilization, the log cabin, the corn and melon patch, the bunch of cattle, the shabby citizen clothes, and the tiny church, have been won by blood and suffering, by painful and pitiful efforts.

When, defeated and disheartened, the Tetans were shut within the reservation, Takcha Iyanka and his band pitched their camp as far from the hated whites as possible. Here, cut off from the rest of the world by weary, barren plains, they built a great dance-house and devoted themselves to memories of the past. Sitting Bull was their right-hand neighbor, Flying-By their left, and for more than a hundred miles up and down the river all trails led to their dance house. All social, all religious life focused here. In this place they feasted, even if for days after they ate roots, and fought starvation. Here they rehearsed old glories, and cried aloud to spirits who answered them not, and here, in a village consecrated to the past, came a white woman teaching a new faith and a new life, and Ezuzu was one who followed the new trail.

The years slipped by, and only fifteen had left the dance to worship in the little log church, and the boom of the dance drum and the thud of moccasined feet still drowned the church bells and hymns. How it came about that there were even fifteen members of the church would be a long story, but nevertheless there were, and then came the Ghost Dance.

For more than ten years these wild men in the prime of life, cut off from every natural activity, had silently brooded over the deserted buffalo trails, the broken past, and the hopeless future. At last they saw, drawing near, all the Indians of by-gone days, all the countless herds of buffalo they had once hunted, and heard a voice that assured them that, if they had faith, and cried aloud to the Great Father, the Indian Ghost, should return, and their nation be builded again.

The centre of the new dance was at Sitting Bull, not ten miles away, and the people who crowded there saw visions and brought messages from the dead whose names mark their old war trails. The mother heard the cry of the child she had buried in the dark flight to Canada, the son saw the father who fell before Custer's last stand. What was the Christian promise for the future worth compared with this pagan reality? So questioned many a weak convert as he stood on the outskirts of the

dance circle, and pondered over the joy of his pagan brothers.

This was the hour of trial, and the patient missionary went daily to and fro among the people calling them away from the tempting circle, urging them to put aside this madness, arguing with Sitting Bull. They answered her from her own lessons,—the white man had a Saviour, why was it not possible that the Indian should have one? Nevertheless, the village became the centre of a party who opposed the dance. Some of these were Christians, some were far-sighted men who doubted Sitting Bull, and remembered that the last time his medicine was strong he had provoked a conflict that robbed them of their nationality.

To break up this haven of doubters and unite the nation in an appeal to the past, the Ghost dancers decided to start a circle in the village. Early one morning, Ezuzu knocked at the little log mission, crying out, 'Winona, Winona, I want to see you.'

His jovial face was sober, the laughing eyes anxious, as he gave his news.

'My niece, they are putting up the Ghost pole in the village, and the dance will begin at sun-up.'

It was a critical moment. This woman and the old man with a handful of followers, forty miles from human help, were face to face with that wave of pagan triumph which broke at last in blood at the battle on the Wounded Knee. This was an open defiance to the new faith, yet she answered firmly:

'My uncle, if that pole goes up, we cannot hold the people.'

'Truly, my niece, so I thought. I must stop it,' he replied, and hurried away toward the open space where the people were already gathered. He considered the chances, and shook his head. The leaders meant to win this village, and would stop at nothing.

When he reached the ground, he found groups of grave-minded men like himself, but stronger and bigger, waiting with clouded brows, while the younger people crowded forward to watch the consecration of the great pole. One or two said it must be stopped, but no one knew how to do it. Suddenly an enthusiastic dancer broke out in the song:

'Ini chaghe kte
'Ini chaghe kte
Ate he yelo
Ate he yelo.'

The crowd quivered and sighed, and a woman cried:

'Michinkshi mita waye.'

Her neighbors crowded forward and strained their eyes to see what she saw.

Even those who feared, or doubted or scoffed, instinctively pressed forward, and many began, unconsciously, the cry:

'Ate, Ate.'

'See,' cried the medicine men,—'see what is for those who sing, but the unbelievers who touch the pole shall be turned to dogs,'

It was evident that if anything was to be done, it must be done at once. Ezuzu pushed his way to the front as the crowd swayed and moaned in answer to the medicine men.

'Stand back, stand back, all who do not believe. Fear and fall before it. Stand back until your hearts are strong, for he who, doubting, touches this pole, at that moment shall be turned to a dog,' cried the medicine man, pointing at Ezuzu.

The little old man answered by walking resolutely across the open circle. A dozen threatening hands were raised, but before a word could be said, he caught the slender pole, flung it to the ground, and stood on it.

'Look, my children,' he cried, 'look well. I have not only touched it, but I stand on it, and yet I go on two feet, and do not bark!'

There was a minute's silence, like a catch of the breath, then some one laughed. Color came slowly back to whitened faces, strained muscles relaxed; no one listened to the dancer's protest; people were talking and laughing at Ezuzu, whose face was again wrinkled with smiles. He gave one or two humorous retorts to angry protests, as he moved off, but the circle was broken. Men called their women away, boys jeered, and the great Ghost Dance was a failure at Takcha Iyanka.

So Ezuzu saved the village for Christianity, and to-day, in his shabby clothes and far from thrifty home, is awkwardly working at the new trade of civilization. Others, younger and better trained men, will raise bigger crops, but none are more ready to help and encourage all than Ezuzu. Surely the old Indian has a place and a work to do.

What Jennie Found at the Primary Union

(Miss E. E. Hewitt, in 'The Westminster Teacher.')

It was half-past four; mischievous Tommie Simpson had at last found his hat; gushing Kittie Trevor had said a final 'Good-by!' and the last little loiterer had disappeared. Yet Miss Jennie sat by the organ in the primary Sunday-school room, looking too tired or discouraged, or both, to rise and go home.

'Still here, Miss Jennie?' asked a cheery voice, as the pastor entered the room. 'How goes the school?'

'Not very well, I am afraid, Dr. Colter. Indeed, I am thinking of giving it up.'

'Never!' said the doctor emphatically. 'What is the trouble?'

'I am too inexperienced to meet the necessities of the case. How to keep the restless little bodies in order and the restless little minds employed, to say nothing of the little hearts that need nourishing,—these are the problems that I cannot solve.'

'The next best thing to having our needs supplied is to have an idea what our needs are. So far, your list is encouraging. Have you asked advice of others?'

'Yes; and one says, "Just tell them stories—thats' all such tots can understand." Another says, "Fill up the time with singing." I do tell stories—the Bible lessons are the most wonderful stories!! But I am afraid in trying to make them vivid, I fail to make them bear on the children's lives. They listen as if to a new kind of fairy tale; then, when the application comes, at the end, they lose interest. I teach them to sing, but I do not know where to go to select new songs, and they are tired of the few suitable ones I have been able to discover. Some one told me it does not make any difference about the words, so the tune is lively. But I cannot agree with that view.'

'Miss Jennie, I will tell you what to do. Go to the primary union. It meets every Saturday afternoon in the Eastwood Church. I think you will find there the solution of all your difficulties.'

So, on the next Saturday afternoon, Jennie went to the Eastwood Church. She felt quite nervous about it. Would all the other teachers look very wise and superior? Suppose the president or somebody should ask her a question! 'I would never go again,' was her mental answer to this horrible supposition.

But nothing terrible happened, after all. The teachers all looked bright and friendly and helpful; she was met at the door with a pleasant word of welcome, and there was a home atmosphere about the room that put her at ease at once.

A little song was taught, during the opening exercises, which was just what Jennie wanted, and she was delighted to hear that she could buy it at the table in the rear of the room. It was in a book of other gems, that seemed to have been written specially for her children, she gratefully thought. 'Such a moderate price, too,' she murmured, remembering her slender purse. 'Perhaps I can afford to buy some of the pretty cards I saw on the table.'

The lesson! Somehow Jennie became a child again as she listened. She discovered that the application was not kept for a dry and solemn part at the end, when the children were tired, but was given in telling bits all through—loving, tender bits that brought the tears to her eyes, with the longing, 'Oh if I could only teach that way!' Not that she wished to appropriate the very words or mannerisms of another—she was too honest for that—but to catch something of the plan, the working out of the lesson—this would mean so much for her. There was an illustration, too, she could use to advantage, and a simple drawing put on the board. 'I believe I could do that, with a little practice,' she said to herself, in happy surprise.

In the prayer she was drawn very close to the Lover of children, and realized anew that she and her little ones had place in his arms.

'I am glad I came,' she said impulsively to the stranger at her side, at the close of the meeting.

'I am very glad, too. Will you not come regularly? Let me tell you what you will find here—not only hints and helps all along the line of your work, but a loving sympathy, which, when you have once experienced, you will not be willing to do without.'

'Thank you; I am sure of it,' answered Jennie heartily. 'I will give my name to the secretary to-day.'

My Treasure is Safe.

Love gave me once a treasure,
A treasure very rare,
With eyes of heaven's own blue,
And lovely golden hair.

Love knew I longed for comfort,
And so the treasure sent;
Love came and took him from me,
Since only he was lent.

Love knows my heart is weary,
And I long to leave this sphere,
To join my darling treasure,
Where I shall shed no tear.

There is an aching void,
Which never can be filled,
Until I reach the other side,
And with that joy be thrilled.

That joy that I shall know,
When my darling I shall meet,
And live forever with him,
Right at my Saviour's feet.

Love took away my treasure,
Because he knew 'twas best;
Sometimes in calmer moments
I feel that I am blest.

I feel that I am blessed,
Because my treasure is there;
And when I leave this earthly home,
I will the glories share.

For God is love; I know it,
He leads me every day,
And with His love to guide me,
I can never go astray.

P. M. WOODMAN.

The Quarrel Cure.

Nine days out of ten there were no better friends in the block than Molly and Mabel. They lived side by side, went to the same school, read the same stories, and wanted their best hats trimmed just exactly alike, even to the number of white spots on the gray quills which made the blue felt sailor hats so very charming in the eyes of both. But on the tenth day — oh, dear, how everything was changed! Molly went to school on one side of the street, with never a glance across at Mabel, trudging disdainfully along on the other; and from breakfast to bedtime the day was out of joint for both. To be sure, the quarrels never lasted long, but they were serious matters while they did last.

In vain the mothers took counsel together. In vain they reasoned, each with her own particular little girl. Both Molly and Mabel protested that they loved each other and never meant to quarrel; but still the quarrels would come and make both miserable. And they arose over such trifling things! After the 'making-up' the two friends never could see 'how they came to quarrel over a little thing like that!'

So things went on until Molly's Aunt Frances came to spend the winter with her sister. Now Aunt Frances was Molly's ideal of everything a young lady should be. So it was no wonder that her niece sung her praises morning, noon and night. Neither was it any wonder that Mabel, who had a young lady aunt of her own, grew tired of so often hearing the same strain, and on the fatal tenth day, chanced to remark that, while Molly's Aunt Frances was very nice, in her opinion, her own Aunt Angie was nicer. This was the thin end of the wedge of dispute; but half an hour later Molly rushed into the house, declaring that she would never speak to Mabel Bye again so long as she lived — 'so there!' The wedge had been driven deep, and friendship was split wide open.

Aunt Frances listened to the tale of Mabel's presuming to think anyone nicer than she with a perfectly grave face, though her blue eyes were dancing merrily. When the story was ended she said soothingly:

'I wouldn't mind it so much, Molly. I'm sure I don't mind if Mabel likes her own auntie best. But I'm sorry you two should have quarrelled about me. I didn't come all the way from Texas to Minnesota to cause a coldness between friends, and I shall feel dreadfully if you and Mabel never speak to each other again.'

'Well,' said Molly, hesitating between her disposition to "stay mad" and her desire to please Aunt Frances, 'I s'pose I could speak to her — just to 'blige you; but I'm quite sure I shall never like her so well any more.'

But when Mabel's kitten ran away that afternoon, and all the children in the block were looking for it Molly could not help but look too. And when she found it in the coal-bin, it had fallen through the cellar window—of course she had to carry it home. Mabel was so delighted that she hugged both her and the kitten, and the quarrel was over then and there.

That night, after dinner, Aunt Frances called Molly to her and showed her a small pink box with a druggist's label on the outside.

'Molly,' said she, 'look here! What do you suppose I've got in this box?'

'Not medicine?' questioned Molly, who, having lately recovered from a slight illness, looked with suspicion on boxes of that particular sort.

'Medicine, sure enough,' responded Aunt Frances, cheerfully. 'You shall be my first case. Molly, my dear, I will cure you; and my fame will spread through the length and breadth of the land.' (I forgot to tell that Aunt Frances was studying to be a doctor.)

'But I am not sick any more,' protested Molly, drawing away from the box before she could be asked to take a dose of whatever was in it.

'Oh, certainly not, but I want you to try the quarrel cure, dear. See! These are temper tablets of the very best make.'

She opened the box, and Molly saw the contents — tablets about the size of a peppermint lozenge, clear, and of a lovely deep red. They did not look as though they would taste bad.

'Take one,' said Aunt Frances. 'My prescription would include one at bedtime. So you might as well begin the treatment right away.'

Molly obeyed. The temper tablet was sweet and tasted of wintergreen.

'Don't try to bite it,' cautioned the prescribing physician. 'Let it dissolve in your mouth. And now, Niceums,' she continued, 'when you feel a quarrel coming on, I want you to take one of these tablets. Don't crush it with your teeth — just let it melt in your mouth. And be careful not to speak until it is all gone. Do you fully understand the directions?'

Molly nodded solemnly. The responsibility of being a 'first case' rather awed her.

'Will you treat Mabel, too?' she asked.

'It won't be necessary,' said Aunt Frances, gravely, 'if you take the tablets as I prescribe. And, if I were you, I wouldn't tell everybody I was being treated.'

The next morning Molly started for school with a temper tablet neatly wrapped in tinfoil in her small pocket. That day passed peacefully. So did several others; and Molly had all but forgotten that she was beng treated, when, suddenly, one Saturday afternoon, she felt a quarrel coming up. Mabel had made a dress for her doll. Molly didn't think it fitted very well, and said so. Mabel answered tartly that she guessed Molly couldn't do as well; and Molly had just opened her mouth to say something peppery, when she remembered the temper tablets.

Hastily laying her beloved Florimonda Isabelle face down on the floor, she ran out of the room. The temper tablet was at the very bottom of her pocket; but she picked it out, unwrapped the tinfoil and popped it into her mouth. The rosy bit of sweetness tasted very nice; and she went back to her doll, feeling better already.'

'Thought you'd gone home mad,' remarked Mabel, with her small nose in the air.

Never a word from Molly.

'I didn't care if you had,' added Mabel with a sniff.

Molly rolled the temper tablet under her tongue, but answered nothing at all.

'Well, you needn't talk if you don't want to,' snapped Mabel; and she gave her entire attention to putting the new dress upon its owner, Evelyn Kathryn Olivia.

Little by little the temper tablet dissolved in Molly's mouth ; and, strange to say, her anger melted with it. It was worn to wafer thinness; and Molly was wondering just what she should say when the 'treatment' was over, when she heard a faint sound of music far down the street.

'O Mabel!' she cried, excitedly, 'there's a grind-organ; and maybe there's a monkey ! Let's go and see!'

'Oh, let's !' exclaimed Mabel, jumping up eagerly; and a moment later Florimonda Isabelle and Evelyn Kathryn Olivia were left to be company for each other, while their respective mothers raced hand-in-hand down the street in search of the probable 'grind-organ' and the possible monkey.

That night Molly told Aunt Frances the whole story and that young lady listened with genuine professional pleasure. Her first case was doing remarkably well, she said; and the patient was advised to continue the use of the invaluable temper tablets in all similar emergencies. Molly followed the prescription faithfully, and before spring both she and Mabel were completely cured.

After a while Molly discovered the reason why the temper tablets had such a soothing effect in the first stages of a quarrel. I wonder if you have guessed it, too.—Ida Reed Smith, in the 'Advance.'

Rosa Bonheur.

There are few of our mercy folk who have not seen some of Rosa Bonheur's wonderful pictures of animals. One great picture, entitled 'The Horse Fair,' when exhibited in America, brought twelve thousand pounds; the artist received two thousand pounds, and it was worth the money. Rosa Bonheur had a royal pet, a splendid lion called 'Nero,' who loved her for her gentle kindness. She had occasion to leave Paris and so sent him to the Paris Zoo, expecting he would be well cared for. After two years' travelling, she returned and went to see her old pet, but to her great grief she found him very sick and quite blind. He was lying all alone in a corner when his mistress said 'Nero.'

Up sprang the poor forlorn fellow, and with a great roar of welcome he dashed himself so eagerly against the cage, to greet his beloved mistress, that he fell nearly stunned. Rosa Bonheur took her faithful friend home again, and cared for him till he died.

Mr. Claretie gives an account of Nero's death. When the big lion died in the arms of the painter, at the foot of the staircase, his tongue, rough as a rasp, feebly licked, and the huge claws closely held, the kind hands of her he loved, through the death agony, these last caresses seeming to say, 'Do not abandon me!' Thus love rules the hearts of even the fiercest creatures.—'Band of Mercy,' (Sydney).

Some Good.

(Mrs. A. R. Perham, in 'Good Cheer.')

When I see what so many are doing for God.
With their five or ten talents or more,
I feel, as I think of their blessed reward,
More useless than ever before.
Still, if but one talent to me has been given,
I never will hide it away,
But use it for Jesus ; it may do some good
To somebody, somewhere, some day.

While many have dollars which they can bestow
In hundreds or thousands for God,
I will not complain, but be glad it is so,
And joy in the work for the Lord.
But if only dimes unto me have been given,
With pleasure I'll give them away.
If Jesus will bless them, they may do some good
To somebody, somewhere, some day.

While many are bringing their sheaves one by one,
To lay at the dear Master's feet,
Receiving with pleasure the plaudit, 'Well done,'
In accents so tender and sweet,
Though I may not gather the sheaves of ripe grain,
I'll scatter some seed by the way,
If Jesus will bless it, it may do some good
To somebody, somewhere, some day.

LESSON VI.—AUGUST 11.

God's Promise to Abraham.

Genesis xv., 1-18. Memory verses, 5-7.

Golden Text.

'I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward.'—Gen. xv., 1.

Lesson Text.

(5) And he brought him forth abroad, and said, Look now toward heaven, and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them: and he said unto him, So shall thy seed be. (6) And he believed in the Lord; and he counted it to him for righteousness. (7) And he said unto him, I am the Lord that brought thee out of Ur of the Chaldees, to give thee this land to inherit it. (8) And he said, Lord God, whereby shall I know that I shall inherit it? (9) And he said unto him, Take me an heifer of three years old, and a she goat of three years old, and a ram of three years old, and a turtle dove, and a young pigeon. (10) And he took unto him all these, and divided them in the midst, and laid each piece one against another: but the birds divided he not. (11) And when the fowls came down upon the carcase, Abram drove them away. (12) And when the sun was going down, a deep sleep fell upon Abram; and, lo, an horror of great darkness fell upon him. (13) And he said unto Abram, Know of a surety that thy seed shall be a stranger in a land that is not theirs, and shall serve them; and they shall afflict them four hundred years; (14) And also that nation, whom they shall serve, will I judge; and afterwards shall they come out with great substance. (15) And thou shalt go to thy fathers in peace; thou shalt be buried in a good old age. (16) But in the fourth generation they shall come hither again; for the iniquity of the Amorites is not yet full. (17) And it came to pass, that, when the sun went down, and it was dark, behold a smoking furnace, and a burning lamp that passed between those pieces. (18) In the same day the Lord made a covenant with Abram, saying, Unto thy seed have I given this land, from the river of Egypt unto the great river, the river Euphrates.

Suggestions.

The Lord Jehovah gave to Abraham a most wonderful promise and assurance of his favor and protection. And as we are heirs of the promises (Galatians iii., 6, 14, 29) given to Abraham we can as Christians take this promise and assurance for our own life-motto:—Fear not, Christian: I am thy shield and thy exceeding great reward. God commands us not to fear, not to fret and worry over the future, if we are living close to him the evil darts of the enemy cannot really hurt us, for God himself is our shield.

God is our shield against everything that could possibly harm us. His presence in our hearts can safeguard us from sin and fear and doubt. God himself is our reward, in his presence is fulness of joy and at his right hand are pleasures forevermore. (Ps. xvi., 11). God is our exceeding great reward for in him we have eternal life and everlasting happiness.

Abraham had perhaps become a little discouraged because God's promise had not yet been fulfilled in his family, so God renewed the promise with great definiteness. Abraham asked what God would give him, and God took him out under the stars and promised that the descendants of Abraham should be as numerous as the stars in heaven. And Abraham believed God. Although the fulfilment of the promise might be a long way off, still the promise was secure. God's promises are our only hope for blessing and salvation and we can only claim them in the name of Jesus Christ our Saviour and through his merits. The fulfilment of all God's promises is conditional simply on our obedience and faith. If we do not love and obey God we cannot expect him to bless us as he does the loving and obedient. If we claim his promises we must expect to see the answer in our own lives, and we must be ready to acknowledge his mercies before all.

Abraham believed God, he rested himself on the promise, he did not worry any more about it for he had God's word and he knew that could not fail. The Lord God delighted in Abraham's faith and sincerity, and set it to his account as righteousness. God can do wonders for any man who will really trust him. He delights in bestowing gifts and mercies, and it saddens his great heart of love to find his children so faithless and unbelieving. If all God's children really believed in him and claimed his promise in faith and obedience, this world would soon be transformed. If all God's people were really right with him, the rest of the world would very quickly want to be godly men and women too. It is the lack of faith in Christians that allows the rest of the world to remain in darkness. But each soul has to answer for himself to God, no one can hide behind his neighbor. Every soul is responsible to God.

Abraham took a heifer, a goat and a ram, and some birds, and divided them, placing half of each a little way apart from the other half leaving a little path in between through which later the fire of God passed. And by this blood covenant God again ratified his promise to Abraham, and furthermore told him how his descendants should be four hundred years in the land of Egypt where they should be afflicted until the time that God saw fit to bring them up again into the land of promise.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Aug. 11.—Topic—Enemies and arms.—Eph. vi., 10-18.

Junior C. E. Topic.

PROPHETS OF THE BIBLE.

Mon., Aug. 5.—Elijah discouraged.—I. Kings xix., 4.

Tues., Aug. 6.—Free-hearted Elisha.—II. Kings v., 15, 16.

Wed., Aug. 7.—The prophet of the Messiah.—Isa. ii., 1-4.

Thu., Aug. 8.—Jeremiah's call.—Jer. i., 7-9.

Fri., Aug. 9.—The vision of wheels.—Ezek. i., 15-21.

Sat., Aug. 10.—A master of magicians.—Dan. ii., 47, 48.

Sun., Aug. 11.—Topic—Lessons from Bible prophets. (Elijah, Elisha, Daniel, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, etc.)

A prerequisite for teaching in the Sunday-school is Christian assurance. By that we do not mean self-assurance. A little of that goes a great ways. Christian assurance does not come from believing in self, but in Christ. It is a consciousness of sins forgiven, and of human nature regenerated by the power of God. There can be no indefiniteness about this. It is one of the ground-work facts of our holy religion. It will not do to teach a class of bright boys or girls that Jesus is a Saviour from sin, and life to the soul, and at the same time confess that you have no assurance that the teaching is a fact.

For keeping up the numbers in a school, nothing is more important than looking after the absentees. It will not increase much, or hold its own, if those who are induced to come do not stay in. If a scholar is absent for two or three Sundays, and no one seeks to learn why, his inevitable conclusion is that it makes no difference to teacher, or superintendent, or any one else if he does stay out. If, however, he gets a visit from his teacher, or a note of inquiry from him expressing the hope that he is not sick, with a request to let him know, in some way, if he is, that scholar will have the comfort of feeling that he is missed, and in nine cases out of ten will hasten back. There is a good deal of human nature in a child. Study yourself if you would know how to deal with him successfully.—'Pilgrim Teacher.'

The man who inveigles young Christians into un-Christian amusements is usually the man who has the most to say about the inconsistency of church members.

The Tobacco Plague.

(By Dr. Chas. H. St. John, Ph.B., D.D.)

('Pacific Ensign.')

As a student for many years, as well as professor on the physiological and pathological effects of nicotine poison, I am compelled to say that tobacco in its various forms of use is now doing more to destroy the human family than alcoholic beverages.

The statistics and increasing number of cases are appalling. There can be no doubt that many generations can be made to suffer through the indulgence of one or both parents. I know there are those who take but little stock in the laws of heredity, usually a class who have not carefully investigated cause and effect. In tracing disease I find, in getting the history of the case, going back two, and in some cases three generations, where cancer is the disease, more than half of the cases in my practice, extending over many years, can be traced to nicotine poison. In numerous cases of bronchial consumption I have clearly traced the disease to tobacco-using fathers and mothers, mostly fathers. The law of heredity is demonstrable as the law of gravitation, electricity, or any of the known laws in science or mathematics. He that is begotten is like him that begetteth. An impure fountain-head cannot send forth a pure stream. A parent whose blood has been poisoned with tobacco must necessarily be impotent for the highest and purest impartation of vital power to his or her offspring.

Through the law of heredity and the descending stream of our humanity, tobacco subtly combines a three-fold deadly bane as fatal to unwary youth and old age as the poisoned garment of Nessus to the unsuspecting Hercules. Our race is rushing on to the awful Niagara of blindness. Our world was never so blind as in these opening hours of the most notable century the world has ever seen. Boys and girls are going blind by thousands. Tobacco in any form impairs muscular force, produces amaurosis, which is a loss or decay of sight without the visible defect in the eye. In brief, it destroys the optic nerve, producing color blindness.

There is no poison that has a greater destroying power upon the sensory nerves than nicotine. Tobacco produces heart failure. Nineteen percent of heart failures among men can be traced to nicotine poison. In each decade of years the number increases because the resisting power becomes less.

Thousands of infant children are annually sacrificed upon the altar of this Moloch, the result of tobacco and cigarette using fathers. The father, and sometimes the mother, become the destroyers of their own infants, ignorantly in the larger number of cases, but no less the agents of death to God-given offspring. If we could read the history of nervous wives, mothers and daughters, we would find secondary nicotine poison, resulting from inhaling the smoke and breath of tobacco and cigarette-using men. I have many cases in my own practice where I have found mothers suffering from a tobacco heart, though they did not use tobacco themselves, and just as soon as the father and husband gave up the use of tobacco the patient made rapid recovery. Many cases of pneumonia die as a result of tobacco smoke in the room. A case came under my observation recently, a young man given up to die by his attending physician, who was a tobacco wreck—a shame for any man who styles himself a healer of the body. I suggested pure air, no tobacco smoke, and the young man recovered.

Catarrh is greatly on the increase among men and boys, resulting from blowing the smoke out through the nose. Making

smoke-stacks out of one of the great channels of health. If God had intended a man's nose to become a smoke-stack he would have lined it with some other substance than mucus membrane.

The fact that no man has ever reached his best mentally who is addicted to the tobacco habit is a sufficient commentary on the influence and action upon the mind. In the deadly cigarette we have a combination of poisons—tobacco (nicotine), opium, lead, arsenic, and the tonca bean. We condemn the opium habit among the Chinamen, when the facts are, nearly all of the granulated tobacco used contains more deadly poisons than opium alone. Our nation should at once outlaw the cigarette manufacture in every territory, and no man who uses the miserable poison should be able to secure work while he is a slave to so poisonous a habit.

While travelling in California I suffered much from nausea, there being no escape either on chair car or sleeper, and train men say they are helpless as to the use of cigarettes. Every railway should enact a law prohibiting the use of cigarettes on their trains, the same as the general government in the signal service has done.

I am glad to note the progress among various railways and firms that will not employ men who use cigarettes. So far so good.

Leprosy, smallpox and specific poisoning are communicated by the use of the cigar made by persons who have these diseases where saliva is left upon the finished Havana. As a friend to our humanity, I would cry aloud and spare not against this curse.

The Preacher's Experience.

('Christian Guardian.')

I am a local preacher, and at the time of which I write had been smoking tobacco for over twenty-five years, with the usual result, namely, a disordered nervous system, to such an extent that, without my regular pipe, I was unable to steady my hand sufficiently to write.

Late one night I sat alone in my room enjoying a comfortable smoke, and at the same time preparing a sermon for the coming Sabbath, and the text on which I was working was this, 'What lack I yet?' and in imagination I pictured the young man earnestly desiring the Christ-life, and yet unable to surrender his will and give up that which the Lord required of him. How common a failing, the desire for Christian perfection, coupled with unwillingness to make Christian sacrifice. Thus far the sermon was getting along very well, but now came a change, and it seemed as if the sermon talked back at the preacher, and a voice, clear, yet not audible, asked, Is there nothing which you are unable to surrender at the Lord's request? And the ready answer was, I have no wealth to give up. But the questioner would not thus be put off, and spake again, asking still more forcibly, If the Lord asked you to give up that pipe, could you do it? This question was too much for me, and opened up the whole tobacco question in a way I had never seen it before, and without a minute's hesitation the answer was given, Yes, Lord, I can, and will. The pipe was set aside, and I thought I saw before me a long season of physical suffering for lack of what had become to me a second nature.

Humbled at the thought of what a slave I had become to my own baser nature, I sought on my knees for grace to enable me to bear whatever suffering there was in store for me, and then retired for the night, and awoke in the morning a free man, with a steady hand and nerve, without the least desire for the weed which had been my constant companion for a quarter of a century.

Fourteen years have passed away since my emancipation from the tobacco habit, and I can confidently say that during that period the desire for the pipe has never once returned, nor have I in the least suffered in any way for the want of it.

The boys need not be afraid of throwing away their cigarettes. The Lord is still mighty to save.—W. D. Bayley.

Correspondence

POEM WANTED.

Miss L. E. Merifield, care of Mrs. Merrill, 'The Cedars,' Aylmer, Que., would be very glad if some one would kindly send her the words of a poem called 'White-waters,' which was in the 'Messenger' some time ago.

315 Besserer St., Ottawa.

Dear Editor,—I have a kitten for a pet, I call her Cosy Topsy. I have no brothers or sisters. I am having my holidays now. I was in the Junior Third Class, and when I go back I will be in the Senior Third Class. My birthday is on Nov. 3.

WILLIE K. (Aged 9).

Meaford.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm and live six miles from Meaford. I go to school. We are having our holidays now. I am in the second book. Our teacher's name is Mr. Mills. We like him very much. He has been our teacher for twenty-three years. We get the 'Messenger' from our Sunday-school. My sister reads the correspondence to me, and thinks it very nice. I am 11 years old. My birthday is May 15.

AMY E. W.

Meaford.

Dear Editor,—We live on a farm. We have a hundred acres of land. We have got ten acres in peas and some barley and some oats. I have three rows of beans thirty rods long. I got vaccinated. I go to school and am in the third class. My teacher's name is Mr. Mills.

OLIVER C. W. (Aged 13).

Hamilton, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am very interested in the letters which your interesting paper the 'Northern Messenger,' contains. I have two old game bantams and six young ones. I am thirteen years old. My birthday is on Dec. 5. I am at my grandpa's on the farm. He lives about three miles from Smithville and twenty-five miles from Hamilton. He owns a very pretty residence and a large lot with it in Smithville. I go to the St. Paul's Presbyterian Church and Sunday-school. My father is superintendent of the Sabbath-school. I am in the Senior Fourth Grade at day school. We are having so much rain this summer that the hay can hardly be got in. My grandmother died on March 14, at the age of seventy-three. My grandfather is seventy-four. They had been married fifty-one years. He has a farm of two hundred acres. His ancestors bought it from the government. They were U. E. Loyalists. It has always belonged to a Lindbury, But my grandpa had no sons, therefore, after his death it will pass out of this name. I am very fond of horses. Grandpa has one horse that is thirty-three years old. I have no brothers or sisters. I wish I had a sister.

HARRY L. SMITH.

St. Ann's, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have seen many letters in the 'Northern Messenger,' but none from St. Ann's. I am seventeen years old, and my grandmother went to heaven last March, just a week before my birthday, which is March 21, so I am keeping house for my grandfather. They had been married a little over fifty-one years. I go to Sunday-school about two miles from here, so I have to drive there. I go all summer; but cannot all winter. We go to the Presbyterian Church. My grandfather owns two hundred acres of land; but as he is getting very old, seventy-four years, he has a man to work the place. I milk three cows, and we have three horses; but only one that is much good, and she is a beautiful dapple grey, there are not many horses like her. We live about twenty-five miles from Niagara Falls.

MAY L. L.

Greenville, N.S.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm, but I have no pets like other little girl writers to the 'Messenger.' I have only taken this paper two years. I like to read it very much, especially the letters and the stories. I do not live very far from the school-house, so I can go nearly every day. I like my teacher very much.

MAGGIE.

Oak Lake, Man.

Dear Editor,—I go to school every day, but we are having holidays now. I have three sisters and one brother. He is working in a store He is 21 years old. I had a little brother but he died in May, 1901. I have two little ducklings for my pets and some little chickens. I am in the fourth book. I go to Sunday-school every Sunday. I live in the town.

JESSIE L. (Aged 11).

Flodden, Que.

Dear Editor,—My brother Georgie takes the 'Northern Messenger,' and mamma and Georgie read all the letters in it to me. I like them so much, and as I never saw any letters from this place, I thought I would write you one. I was eight years old on June 3. I go to Sunday-school. My teacher's name is Miss Jessie Miller. I have a papa, a mamma, four brothers and one sister, and a sister-in-law. I have a colt, her name is Dolly; a dog, his name is Toby; a cat, and her name is Bessie. I feed her five times a day. I have lots of uncles and aunts, and grandpa and grandma, and hosts of cousins. (This has been written for me.)

EMMA VICTORIA M.

St. John's, Nfld.

Dear Editor,—I love to read the 'Northern Messenger,' I like the letters from the little girls best. I am fourteen years old, and I have two cows, one horse, one cat, three brothers and one sister. The horse's name is Belle, and she is very swift. One of my brothers is an usher in the church. We live on a farm in the summer. I am a member of the Busy Bees.

FRANKIE W.

Tetenagouche, N.B.

Dear Editor,—My sister has taken the 'Messenger' for three years, and I enjoy reading it very much. I have four sisters and one brother. I go to school and to Sunday-school. The Mission Band meets once a month. Mrs. Smith is president. The meeting is held in the Methodist Church. Our entertainments are held on the school grounds. We live quite near the Falls and go quite often to see them in the spring. It is nice to see the logs going over in the spring. My birthday is March 27, and I am eleven years old.

E. S.

Port Kells, B.C.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Northern Messenger' every week. My Uncle James, of Martinvale, P.E.I., made us a present of it, and we enjoy it very much. Also our Sabbath-school takes six copies of the 'Messenger.' I go to school every day. We have a very nice teacher. I have four brothers and one sister. My youngest brother is thirteen months old. He is very fond of me. I take him out every day for a walk. I will be ten on Sept. 13. I have a pet white chicken, which I call Polly.

MARGARET ISABEL G.

Port David C.B.

Dear Editor,—I am going to school, and am in the third book. My teacher is Miss Florence Tilker. I like her very much. I have a little kitten named Tabby, and two other cats named Ruffy and Frisky: I have two brothers and three sisters. My oldest sister is in Montreal. We live on a farm. I have not very far to go to school. I have a little pig named Spot.

NETTIE Y. (Aged 9).

London, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I thought that I would like to write you a letter, but as this is the first it will be short. I live just out of London, and we have a lovely place. I have a sister called Lollypops, but we call her Lolly for short. Mother does not approve of me playing with boys, so the girls and I have tea-parties on the lawn.

CHARLES H.

Dear Editor,—I live on a farm, with my father and mother. I have two brothers and one sister living, and one brother and sister dead. I go to Sunday-school and get the 'Northern Messenger,' and like it very much. I have two pets, a cat and a calf. I live near a river, and go fishing. I wonder if any little girl or boy has the same birthday as I have, April 20? I go to day-school. I have a mile and a half to go. There are a lot of berries up here.

LUCY P. (Aged 12).

HOUSEHOLD.

The Child's Religion.

'When Doris was about two,' said Neil, 'I taught her to say a little prayer, and had her repeat it every night on going to bed . "God bless Doris"—that was all it was at first; but I showed her how to kneel, and she understood that the prayer was always to come before lying down for the night. Of course, the name God meant nothing to the child until she could understand things better. Doris's original supplication ends with "And make me grow up kind, and make me grow up to be a good lady and a good cook."

'One night I heard Doris say, "Mine was a bigger prayer than yours, Frank." "Oh," said I, "that doesn't matter. Sometimes you will say a long prayer and sometimes a short one. Never ask for anything more than you want; for God knows what you wish to ask him. He doesn't care whether it's a long prayer or a short one. Sometimes you will be too tired to make a long prayer, but I hope you will never want to go to sleep without sending up some prayer to him."

'One evening I was late in getting to the children, and Frank seemed to be asleep. As I kissed him, he stirred and sleepily murmured, "Good-night." "Too tired to say your prayer ?" "Ye-s;" then, rousing, he said, "No, I'm 'fwaid God 'ould miss it." It might have been about this time that Doris asked me if it were necessary to kneel when praying. "No, dear," I answered. "If you were not well, it would be quite proper for you to say your prayer in bed; and God would listen to it just as surely. Often, when I am out walking, I send little thoughts up to him as I go along. In some churches the people kneel when praying; in others, as you know, they bow their heads or cover their eyes. Still, it seems to me better in the regular prayer at night or in the morning to kneel. I don't know that we need to, but I like to. I always kneel when I say my night prayer." This had its influence with Doris; for since then, no matter how sleepy she is, she always insists upon kneeling.'—'S. S. Record.'

In Twenty Years.

If the tired mother whose cares seem endless could look forward twenty years what changed feelings might be hers, as she surveyed her little group ? Hugh, her first born, is fourteen, a lad nearing that parting of the ways which often makes adolescence a trying period for parents and children. His feet and hands are much in evidence and in the way; his hair is tumbled; he has not arrived as yet at the point of much care for his personal appearance. The mother love watches Hugh sedulously, for the temptations which lie in wait for a boy are many and she knows that there is no better safeguard for him than a bright and happy Christian home. So, though she is weary enough at eventide she usually finds time to play and sing for Hugh, to join him in games and to entertain his young companions.

Twenty years hence, could she lift the curtain, she might see her boy a man of thirty-four, with a wife and child, and an honored place among men, holding a position of responsibility and working for the good of the city and the state. Men will then speak of him as a rising man,and when there is good work to be done—brave, fearless work, her Hugh will be among the leaders. The well started boy of fourteen may be safely expected to become the honored man of thirty-four.

Alice, her little daughter of twelve, in the twenty years that lie before her, will have gone to school and to college, crossed the ocean for post-graduate work, and returning, have become professor of English literature in a college far away in the West. Dreamy Alice, whose head is always in a book and who forgets to mend her stockings as the good mother insists she shall, will be a woman to be proud of at thirty-two.

The twins, restless, rollicking little fellows of nine, in knickerbockers still, at twenty-nine will have formed their separate vocations. Stuart will be a young doctor, studying grave problems of life and death, and consecrating fine talents to excellent uses. Ralph, as a foreign missionary, will be serving the Master whom he loves on a distant field, and the mother will rejoice over both these brilliant and worthy sons.

And Agnes, little, spirituelle, sensitive, shy Agnes, so winsome at six, so tender, yet so steadfast, revealing so many interesting and charming characteristics the mother, were her eyes not holden, would shelter Agnes very closely in these years and prize every sweet moment. For that angel whose coming over the threshold brings such loss and pain, albeit he is the messenger of love, will take Agnes home in her early girlhood and she will not be here among the household band twenty years hence. It will be hers to welcome the mother when her turn comes to go home.

If when present burdens press too heavily we could think that though we live but one day at a time we are always sowing the seeds of the future, we should bear with greater ease the weights of the day.

Alice, Agnes, Hugh, Ralph, Stuart, let the mother think of them, as five separate blessings, God's best gifts to her, and feel that to her is spoken the word, 'Take these children and train them for me, and I will give thee thy wages.—'Christian Intelligencer.'

Screaming.

When a little child kicks and screams and shows its bad temper, the very worst thing to do is to oppose it with an outburst of temper equally bad. Here is a case where like does not cure like, and what makes it all the worse is its unreasonableness. When the child's temper is hot, the mother's should be cool, for two hot waves brought into contact never make the atmosphere cooler, but all the more intensely hot. The gentle application of a little cold water, or the changing of its occupation and surroundings for a moment, will bring it back to peace and calmness again. — American Paper.

One Mother's Plan.

(By W. Boydstun.)

Father came in, and said : 'I found Robert pumping kerosene out of the can on the back porch.' His face showed plainly he knew he was doing wrong. I told him never to touch it again, but I'm afraid I ought to have punished him.'

'Yes, I'm afraid you ought,' said mother. He was usually obedient, their strong, live four-year-old, and they were trying to train him very wisely.

Next day she was filling the lamps, and saw him watching her from a corner of the yard,—so wistfully. He would try to obey, she knew that; but there would surely come a time when the healthful, natural, boyish longing to work out the secret of that wonderful squeaking pump would efface all the force of the command. She called him to her.

'Robert, don't you want to help mamma fill the lamps ?'

'Yes'm,' eagerly. And he pumped and pumped, slowly and carefully, stopping every moment to see if they were full. Her arms were so tired holding the lamps before they were done.

Then she said, 'Now we mustn't ever pump unless we have to fill the lamps; it wastes the oil.'

'No, mustn't,' he said; 'it wastes the oil.' And he closed the top of the pneumatic can very carefully.'

After that, he would always come running when he heard the can squeak, and say :—'Mama, don't you want me to help you fill the lamps ?' and would always close the can, saying, 'Mama, we mustn't pump the oil only when we fill the lamps—must we, mama ?'

One day she saw him trying to climb up on the well-curb. She called to him quickly, sharply, to get down. The danger made her forget everything for a minute. Then it came to her that he was trying to see what was in the well. Why not, when the bucket made so many journeys down into it ? And why should he not see ?

So she held him up where he could see, and he looked long and wonderingly, and talked excitedly about what he saw. Then she told him what would happen if he should fall in—he must never climb up.

'No, I never will, mama. But won't you let me look some other time ?'

And so Robert grew to see that the commands of his father and mother were reasonable, necessary ones, and he would feel this and give willing obedience, even when the reasons could not be made clear to him. —'Sunday-school Times.'

It depends on mothers to bring up their children clean in life, clean in thought, their sons as well as their daughters; to inculcate courage in their daughters as well as in their sons.—Governor Roosevelt.

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